

SHHH! Hitler's Listening!

## Now Many Wear FALSE TEETH With Little Worry

Eat, talk, laugh or sneeze without fear of insecure false teeth dropping, slipping or wabbling. FASTEETH holds plates firmer and more comfortably. This pleasant powder has no gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Doesn't cause nausea. It's alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.







RED, WHITE and BLUE ribbons prevent glass from flying

## "I CHRISTEN YOU..."

## Sponsor socks prow, champagne spatters: A ship is launched!

christen a ship? If you've a limber arm and a good batting eye, you may be in demand soon, what with U.S. vessels sliding down the ways at the rate of three every 24 hours.

There used to be a good deal of fuss and feathers about christenings. Shipyards vied with one another to line up glamorous movie stars and society leaders as sponsors. But nowadays the lucky lady is apt to be Mrs. John Smith, wife of a welder. One New York yard, the Greenport Basin Company, has workers' wives signed up for nearly 100 future launchings.

PLENTY of tradition enters into the goings-on. The bottle of champagne (must be American vintage) is sewed in cloth to prevent the glass from flying, and gaily bedecked with red, white and blue ribbons.

In fact, everything is made as easy as possible for the sponsor in her moment of stress. Some ships even have a special, sharp fin welded into the bow for her to aim at. It insures a clean break and a fine spray of foam. But in spite of everything the ladies miss once in a while.

About the only hazard connected with a launching is the champagne shower. Navy officers who stand with the sponsor on the christening platform are generally expert duckers. (Watch 'em jump the next time you see a launching in the newsreels.) But the lady just has to stand there and take her medicine.

christening speech itself is generally brief and well memorized, such as, "I christen you Albatross II and wish you Godspeed." But no one who heard it will ever forget the spirited baptism uttered by one Navy commander's wife when she sent a minesweeper down the ways. The news of Pearl Harbor was still fresh and burning our blood; and as she hauled off to swing the bottle, she cried: "I christen you YMS-22 — and dammit I'll serve on you if they'll let me!" — CHARLES D. RICE, JR.



REHEARSAL. Sponsor picks up some pointers from the Navy



**BATTING PRACTICE**—one last swing with the dummy bottle



HOME RUN! Ship's off to sea — lady's off to the cleaners

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mildness. Get Woodbury today! 10c.